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No. 29.

THE PASSING OF WINTER.

WILLIAM W. CARPENTER.

Cometh spring, the poet's dream!
Hark! the dash of melting rain.
There a quick flash and a gleam,
And birds' jubilation refrain!
Let the buttercup's gold vase
Be a name for the April pledge!
Puffin—the curved gold edge
Not who drinks an April pledge?
Betty, sunshine, side and sweep
To the warm wood nooks, where deep
Fragrant tributes—St. Valentine
To some pale love divine.
Cometh summer! On her way
Heavy-weighted garlands bring
Sweet and sweetened—canon bright day
Nature gives to everything.
Let the red heart of a rose
Doth it shroud a worm? God knows!
And it, lady, in your hair
And blossom—both are fair.
Sleep, O summer sunshine, warm,
On a land long racked by storm!
Soil on golden corn root,
Rye and corn and wheat and wheat!
Autumn cometh! Through the land
Rings a sound of rust and rust;
Owens flash on every hand
Fragrant incense flutes about.
Gold and scarlet in the wood,
But the sparrow's shortened brood
Make no music in her house—
This is harvest wild carous.
Snow, O snowy sunshine, fall
On the brown grapes by the wall
That the maid gleams—glum and peevish
Her white hands for them reach
Winter! Nay, how can we stay
In the bitter winter-time,
When the Northern breeze ring
To the let's-eat-it-chime?
Song sits in her court, a-cold,
From her door, where the snow
While the snow falls, fold on fold,
From the blue black, barren sky.
Paul, O winter! Let the spring
With her bells of gold,
First thy requiem—then with glee
Song and summer's song—
R. V. GREGG.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Heart," "The
Two of the Portent," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WINDY MORNING.

Martin could get no further than Ben-
chester that night, where he slept. Next
morning he found that Puffin Abbey was
seven or eight miles distant, in the
direction of the village—where lay, in-
deed, close to the Abbey gates—was Ab-
botstoke, there being a small inn there,
and accommodations for visitors.
"If it's fishing you're after, though,"
said the landlord of the inn at Benches-
ter, when answering his inquiries, "you
will get none at Puffin Abbey. There's
no leave to be had, up or down, for miles,
and keepers prowling about as thick as
flies."
Martin thanked his informant, and
said that he was no fisherman; that he
only wanted a few days' rest and quiet.
"Then you'll be quiet enough at Ab-
botstoke," said the landlord. "There's
nothing to disturb you there, unless it
should be the clack of the mill-wheel, or
a stray water-bird now and then darter
along the river. Bless you, you'll want
to hang yourself before you've been there
a week! But perhaps you've got relations
there?"
No, he had no relations there.
"Happen you'll be one of the gents,
then, as are engaged for the wedding,"
suggested the landlord. "There's to be
all kinds of gay doings, I hear—fireworks,
and village sports, and all sorts of
razzoo."
"What wedding is that? I don't know
anything about it."
"Oh, Mr. Petworth's daughter. The
groom came over here last evening to
telegraph for things from London. There
is a French coach coming down," said
the landlord, with a significant glance at
his visitor, as much as to say, "Art thou
not the man?" Martin, however, was too
diligent to take any notice of the suggestion.
After all, was it not for his daughter's
wedding that all these preparations were
made, that all this stir was taking place?
The thought was a proud one.
He could put a stop to it all, and he
would, unless matters were made right
about that legacy, all claims withdrawn,
and some handsome acknowledgment
offered him for his pains and anxiety.
Martin settled his coat, and ordered a
fly for Abbotstoke. It was Sunday
morning, and he calculated that he should
reach the place before church
time, and that, by walking into church
unobtrusively, and sitting down on one
of the back benches, he would be able to
see if Mr. Petworth was among the Ab-
bey people. Not that Mr. Westley was
ever much of a church-goer, he said to
himself, but in the country, people egg
one another on to go to church, because,
no doubt, the gentleman had the day
too long without it. Now, if Westley

were at church,
Martin's task
would be no
trouble. He
would wait at
the door till he
came out, and
slip the letter
into his hand.
Thus he plan-
ned out the thing,
as he walked
up and down in
front of the inn
door, waiting for
the fly, which he
sawly drove up.
Then, of a sud-
den, just as he
was putting his
foot upon the
step of the car-
riage, a startling
thought suggest-
ed itself to him,
not very quick or
brilliant intelli-
gence. After all,
would it not be
very foolish thing
for him to try to
stop this wedding?
A very foolish
thing, too; for why
should he stand
in his daughter's
light, and prevent
her alliance with
a gentleman born
and bred? Would
it not be better to
let the matter
rest, and when, retired
and living in his
own little villa, to be able to talk of his son-
in-law, Mr. Wilford, the member for so-
and-so, or, perhaps, Governor Wilford,
of the Looboo Islands?
These considerations were almost
strong enough to induce him to turn
back, order in the fly, and resign his mis-
sion, but then Framingham's last in-
junctions dwelt strongly in his mind.
"As his own thousand-pound legacy in
danger!" It might be half way to their des-
tination, but in that case all other considerations
must give way. Martin swung himself
into the carriage, and bade the coachman
drive on.

Martin was but little of the country;
he was thinking over what he should do
when he arrived at Abbotstoke. As they
came to a little village, which the driver
informed him was half way to their des-
tination, where he proposed to give the
horses—and incidentally, himself—a little
liquid refreshment, they stopped short.
There was a tavern—a simple country tavern,
that bore upon its front a huge sign-
board, with "Barbadoes Ale" written
in mighty letters thereon—a sign-board
that seemed to dominate and overtop the
whole house. At this tavern, then, Mar-
tin alighted, and making his way into
the little sanded parlor, called for gin
and water.

Martin had, it presently appeared, a
hidden purpose in this choice of drinks.
For when the slatternly-looking woman,
who was the only person apparently
awake in the house, brought in the gin
and water ready mixed, with a lump
of sugar at the bottom and a glass rod
in the tumbler doing the duty of a teaspoon,
Martin made a gesture of impatience,
and desired the girl to bring him some
hot water in a jug.

The hot water was brought after some
delay, and then Martin, carefully closing
the door, produced the letter which had
been entrusted to him by Miss Wilford,
and held it over the steam that issued
from the jug till the adhesive fastening
of the envelope was softened. Then he
opened the letter without difficulty, and
after a good deal of spelling and twist-
ing backwards, mastered its contents.

The effect of the perusal of this letter
upon Martin was very great. It opened
out to him quite a new vista of the fu-
ture. He clearly gathered from the let-
ter that in some way or other Mr. Wil-
ford had once more come to have rights
over the Wilford estate; that he would
become him, in fact, unless he re-
signed it to his cousin. That implied
that his, Martin's, daughter would in a
very short time be mistress of Wilford
hurst, unless he took steps to prevent it.
Now what would be the effect of giv-
ing this letter to Mr. Wilford? Martin
knew very well the answer he would him-
self make to an appeal to give up an es-
tate of five thousand a year upon a point
of honor. But these people were differ-
ently made. Martin Westley was a flighty
young fellow, who valued money no more
than if it grew on the hedges. He might
in a spirit of foolish generosity fling
away the chance that a happy accident
had brought him.

There was another point to be
considered. Did he know of the good
fortune that had befallen him? Prob-
ably not; the matter had evidently only
been just discovered. Well, then, know-
ing that Mr. Wilford would ally him-
self so much beneath his own rank, un-
less he had substantial reasons for the
course. Petworth was no doubt able to

give a good fortune with the girl; but
would Westley stick to the bargain when
his necessities no longer compelled him?
Would he not be likely to break adrift
at once from the money-lender, and solve
the difficulty as to the Wilfordhurst es-
tate by marrying his old sweetheart
Audrey?
These varied considerations were al-
most too much for poor Martin's brain.
He could not see his way to any
definite course of action. And yet time
pressed; the fly was waiting at the door;
he must make up his mind at once. In
this strain, the most definite point to
cling to was his own legacy of a thou-
sand pounds. If he could secure that,
no matter from Mr. Wilford, Wilford, or
Framingham, the side that made that
safe for him would have his undivided
support. Under these circumstances it
would be manifestly imprudent to see
Westley at once and put the letter into
his hands. It would be better to have a
second interview with Petworth and see
what terms he had to offer, and whether
he could guarantee the payment of the
thousand pounds, and the recognition in
due time of his paternal relationship to
the future Mrs. Wilford, of Wilford-
hurst.

After passing for some miles through
the same kind of open rolling country,
the scenery changed suddenly. The car-
riage descended a broken wooded
ravin, and the next turn of the road
opened out the view of a pleasant river
valley.
"You're Abbotstoke church," said the
driver, a man with a brown, finely-cut
face expressive of a kind of acid good
temper, pointing with his whip in the
direction of a spire that showed behind
a clump of trees; "and that's Puffin Ab-
bey to the right—that big red house
with the slate roof."

A placid reach of river was visible just
beyond the grove that enclosed and sur-
rounded the Abbey; and if you knew
where to look for it, you could see the
small, pale fragment of the old Abbey
tower framed in a knot of deeper ver-
dure.

"It's a nice place, anyhow," said
Martin, looking admiringly at the scene
before him. "What sort of a character
does Mr. Petworth bear about here?"
"Very good up, as far as I know; sir;
he pays his way, he does, and that's more
than some of 'em can say."
"Very good. And this young gentle-
man who is going to marry his daughter,
is it—?"
"Happens, sir, it's no use asking me
about weddings, sir. I don't make no
count of such goings on."
"Being married yourself, I suppose,"
said Martin, good-humoredly.
"Married this twenty year, sir; and a
daughter grew up, besides twelve of
'em younger. Says my eldest gal to me
the other day, 'Father,' says she,
'there's a chap as wants to marry me.'
'Oh, don't you talk to me about that,'
says I. 'One in a family is enough for
that,' says I. 'You will tell your mother
and me in our graves.'"
"Do you think she will?" asked Mar-
tin.
"I don't know," said the driver, giving
his horse a flick on the shoulder with
his whip, and then pulling him up short
for breaking out of his trot.
"Then you know nothing at all about
this young gentleman who is staying at
the Abbey?"
"Tell you, sir, I know the old gent
by night, and that's all I know about
him; and I dunno as I should have
known him, if I hadn't had a job here

last night to drive a lady from the sta-
tion."
"A lady, eh?" said Martin. "What
one of the family?"
"One of the family she might have
been, but if she was, she was a poor
relation. It was a rum story, sir. Mar-
tine-looking party, too. Not so bad
looking, as far as I could see through
her veil, which was drawn down over
her face. Driven up to the door. Ser-
vant in blue-and-silver livery. 'Mr.
Petworth at home?' 'Don't know; I'll
take your name, ma'am.' Takes her
name. Comes back. 'Master will be
here in a moment.' Master comes here
door as black as thunder. 'Oh, Robert,'
says she, 'I'm come here for protection.'
'Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
there's no room for you here.' 'What'
says she, 'you won't leave me to
be by the roadside?' says she. 'Lie
where you like,' says he. Well, I begin
to feel a bit uneasy at this, though not
having got the money for the fly before.
Hand, for thinks I, if she'd got money
enough to pay for a bed, she'd not talk
of lying by the roadside. Well, there
was a lot of palaver after that, and she
threatened and he bullied; but at last he
began to soften a bit, and says he at
last, 'Well, there's no room for you here,
but you can go and stay at the Abbey
Arms,' says he, 'at my expense, for the
next few days, till we can fix you some-
where else.' And the traveling ex-
penses?" says she. And he plucked and
behaved again about that, but in the
end he agreed to pay the fly, and the
chap in blue and silver came to the pub
with the money."

"Not a doubt of it, sir, I should say."
Martin was a good deal disturbed by
the intelligence. It was his wife, Mrs.
Brown, no doubt, who had been the vi-
sitor at the Abbey. He had no great
desire to meet her again so soon; her
presence indeed might strengthen his
position, but it might also be a consid-
erable embarrassment to him.

They had now come within the pre-
cincts of the village. A few scattered
cottages, a blacksmith's shed, a starting
red-brick cottage, with a huge brass
plate bearing the name of the village
veterinarian on the door, prepared the
traveler for the coming glories of the
village street; but just as you entered
it, on a site a little raised above the
road, enclosed within a low stone wall,
stood the village church and graveyard.
Service had evidently commenced, and
had probably been going on for some
time, judging from the quiet that reigned
outside, and the strains of shrill
psalmody that found their way through
the open windows of the church. A knot
of village idlers had established them-
selves upon the part of the wall nearest
the road, and were cracking nuts and
chattering together, bursting every now
and then into raucous laughter. The
charm of the position seemed to be the
contrast of their own freedom with the
restraint of the cooped-up souls inside,
and the slightly exhilarating sense of
peril due to the possibility of the dar-
ing out upon them of a justly incensed
churchwarden.

"You say you got me down here," said
Martin, "and I'll walk round the church."
"We'll be stopping here an hour or two,"
he said to the driver, as he paid him his
fee.
"Yes, sir; I'm like to give the horse
a bit of a rest."
"It is just possible I may go back
with you."

"All the bet-
ter," replied
the driver, "Per-
haps it would be
all the better,
said Martin to
himself, if he fol-
lowed the plain,
straightforward
path of duty,
put Miss Wil-
ford's letter into
Mr. Westley's
hands, and went
quietly home
again. That was
the course of
probity, and it
was the course
that involved the
least trouble."
This last was a
potent considera-
tion, with Mar-
tin, for the letter
large for its usual
importance. But
then he thought
that the thousand
pound was in
hand, and that he
had the money in
his own hands.
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then he thought
that the thousand
pound was in
hand, and that he
had the money in
his own hands.

"The husband of your daughter?" re-
peated Petworth, wheeling round, and
looking at him with an expression of pro-
found amazement. "I don't understand
you."
"You understood me well enough the
other night, when I spoke about my
daughter,"
"Yes, you said something about a
child," said Petworth, "but I know no
thing about it."
"That won't do, sir. Your sister,
sir, expressly owned to me and assured
me that the girl was mine—the girl whom
you have adopted."
"A pure romance, my dear fellow;
Mrs. Brown is great at them. The girl
is no child of hers nor of yours."
"I have only your word for that, and
that doesn't go very far."
"Pardon me, you shall have document-
ary evidence. There," said Petworth,
taking out his pocket-book and drawing
forth a folded paper, "look at this paper
—no, I prefer not letting it go from my
hands—read it here."
The document was a declaration, signed
by Framingham Brown, that the child
adopted by Mr. Petworth, and formerly in
her charge, was not her own daughter,
but that of a friend, which she had
taken charge of from infancy.
"There," said Petworth, "what do
you say to that?"
"That she is fuller of lies than you,"
"Agreed," said Petworth, gallily; "but
anyhow, this serves the purpose. I've
assistance I can give you in tracing your
lost child—if there is a lost child—or in
reclaiming your erring wife—if you
wish to reclaim her—shall be cheerfully
given."

"Now look here, Mr. Petworth," said
Martin, goaded into passion, "I know
your game—your deep, wily game—and
I'll spoil it for you. I can do it, and I
will. Yes, by—"

CHAPTER XX.

REQUIRING CONSIDERATION.

It was an ancient church, with great
round whitewashed columns, and had
been larger formerly, for the chancel
had been pulled down, or perhaps had
tumbled to ruins of its own accord—at
all events, the chancel end was blocked
up, and the church as it stood was a
great wide structure, still many times too
large for its usual number of worship-
ers. The Abbey pew was easily dis-
cernible, being directly opposite the
reading-desk and pulpit, surrounded by
green curtains. Its occupants were for
the moment invisible; but, as the pray-
ers ended, and the hymn that came be-
fore the sermon was sung, everybody
stood up, and then the clerk, in a
loud voice, called out the names of the
members of the congregation who were
to be seen over the top of the pew. Mrs.
Petworth, looking careworn and trou-
bled, was to be seen, too, and Olivia,
only conscious of her own presence, and
perpetrating in beauty and attire to all
the rest of the world about her. But no
Mr. Wilford was there.
The sermon came to an end, and the
congregation dispersed. The ladies from
the Abbey drove off in their carriage;
Petworth himself remained behind. He
had a few words to say to the rector, it
seemed, and waited until he had dis-
cussed the matter with him. Then he
looked about in the churchyard.
He thought Petworth had not seen him,
and would hardly recognize him in his
non-professional costume; but he was
mistaken. Petworth had a keen eye
that rarely overlooked anything. He had
noticed Martin sitting on one of the back
benches, and remained behind for the
very purpose of giving him an opportu-
nity to speak to him alone.

There was a pleasant way to the Ab-
bey, along the fields at the back of the
church, without going through the vil-
lage street. This pathway Petworth
followed, looking neither to the right nor
left; but the start he gave when he was
accosted by Martin, who had followed
and overtaken him, was rather affected
than real.

"Can I have a few words with you,
sir, as you are going along?"
"Certainly," replied Petworth; "the
path is as open to you as to me. Let
me see. I know your face. You are Mar-
tin."
"Yes, sir; and I want to talk to you
again about my affairs."
"I thought I referred you to my cham-
berlain in Westminster. Why do you come
down here to plague me? Now look
here; if this is an attempt to extort
money, I shall deal very summarily with
you. I am a magistrate here, perhaps
you may know, and I shall give you into
custody without any more ado."
"You've no right to say such things,"
cried Martin, angrily. "I don't want
money."

"Then you are a rascal, sir," said Pet-
worth, "and the only thing that can be
done with you is to send you off in a
merry cart. We shall get on very
well together, Martin, if you don't
want money. But what do you want,
then, my good fellow? Stop! I see it all.
You want your wife, that's it. Don't
you, now? You've traced her down
here, and want to carry her away with
you. There's a good fellow—do; I
promise you there shall be no interfe-
rence on the part of the authorities, and
I don't mind paying something towards
expenses myself. There now."

"It pleases you to be funny, Mr. Pet-
worth; but you know very well I don't
want anything of the kind. I've come
down here to see the husband, that is to
be, of my daughter, and ask him a few
questions."
"The husband of your daughter?" re-
peated Petworth, wheeling round, and
looking at him with an expression of pro-
found amazement. "I don't understand
you."
"You understood me well enough the
other night, when I spoke about my
daughter,"
"Yes, you said something about a
child," said Petworth, "but I know no
thing about it."
"That won't do, sir. Your sister,
sir, expressly owned to me and assured
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forth a folded paper, "look at this paper
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by Framingham Brown, that the child
adopted by Mr. Petworth, and formerly in
her charge, was not her own daughter,
but that of a friend, which she had
taken charge of from infancy.
"There," said Petworth, "what do
you say to that?"
"That she is fuller of lies than you,"
"Agreed," said Petworth, gallily; "but
anyhow, this serves the purpose. I've
assistance I can give you in tracing your
lost child—if there is a lost child—or in
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"Now look here, Mr. Petworth," said
Martin, goaded into passion, "I know
your game—your deep, wily game—and
I'll spoil it for you. I can do it, and I
will. Yes, by—"

"Ah!" said Petworth, a little touched
by this; "and pray, what is this wonder-
ful game you're playing?"
"Do you think I deceive me?" went
on Martin, "don't I see it all? The
poor girl the decoy duck, and the young
fool the wild bird that's 'tired into your
net, and then you beg Wilfordhurst for
your pains."
"Pooh!" laughed Petworth; "that's
all you know about it, eh? Well, my
dear Martin, I'm delighted with your
company, but time presses. Would you
like to come and have some dinner in
the servants' hall—you and your wife,
eh?"
Martin turned hastily away without
reply. Again he had been fooled by Pet-
worth. Again he saw all the advantages
of his position falling away one by one.
He did not believe a word of the decla-
ration Mrs. Brown had signed; he did
think that she had told him the truth,
when taken unprepared and off her
guard, the first night he met her after
their long separation. But how could
he prove it, and what could he do in the
matter? The only course open to him
now seemed to be to get hold of Mr.
Westley, and put him up his guard
against these people. He would believe
him at all events, and the letter that he
carried in his pocket would be a testi-
mony of the reality of the plot that Pet-
worth was carrying out so industriously.

Hunger at last drove Martin to the
inn. The innkeeper and his family were
just sitting down to a breakfast-punch-
ing, with an outside crust of scones
thickened, and chunks of meat of doubt-
ful tenderness within.

There was a nice dinner going up-
stairs, the landlord said; a roast fowl
and bit of bacon, with some cauliflower
and new potatoes—and a nice free-spoken
lady, too, who perhaps would be glad
of a little company. Should he ask her
if she'd mind a gentleman sitting down
with her?

"No," said Martin, gloomily, thinking
that a pudding of tough beefsteak
was better than fowl and bacon in her
company. And he sat down to dinner
with the people of the inn.
A heavy mid-day meal of that descrip-
tion is not conducive to deeds of high
enterprise. Martin felt that, if he were
to be hung for it, he must have a glass
of grog, a pipe and a nap, before attempt-
ing anything further. Tired with his
travels, and lulled with the soft of the
country and general quietude of the
place, Martin fell into a profound slum-
ber, and slept for some hours. Awak-
ing, hardly knowing where he was, he
heard the clinking of harness and the
champing of horses, and saw a gorgeous
individual in blue and silver affably per-
forming a "jint" with the landlord.
"And so your people were off in a
mighty hurry, James," said one.
"Just like the governor," replied
James. "Says he, 'There's a nice
blessing this afternoon, and the yacht's
lying off Sandy Cove all ready. Come
along, good people; let's go a-sailing.'
And a-sailing they went, and they ain't
a-sailing back here about the wedding.
I don't think it."

"It's well to be there," said the land-
lord, "as can do just as they fancy."
"Oh, by the way," went on blue-and-

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they had such a high opinion of my deity, and partly because I knew of about it already. I was chosen to go on with her and take care of her. I knew they had a sister-in-law—said she was a seamstress; but I was kept on to take care of the child, and indeed, they became and everything for it, and spent on expenses.

“Well, you know, when you left, I figured and my wife had no children, and they were both getting on in years, so I didn’t mean I had to leave any. And she was a great influence to the society, for she had the next brother, Arthur, and would have given me his to keep the

"But you will be an adult, I think," she said, "and this immense school is full of other kinds of us, well it isn't?"

Maxine thought it would, especially when supplemented by a shrink smiling over their knees.

"Ah, this is comfortable," laughed Mrs. B. now, when the arrangements took their final shape. "I am sure, having suddenly opened him," she said, of our putting our heads together just now, would not we put out hands together too, so in the old times."

"Have," replied Maxine, "can't help."

"That requires a little more explanation,"

— EDNA H. GOREAU —

[illegible]

collaborating, much self-starting, and independent. Working over things does not require, but it does keep thinking, and where one is situated, they can still keep on something important, a long-term assignment, a big, important task, before, or after school. They have a sense of a steady state, and come for it, but thanks to the aid of a strong work ethic, the learning is not to much, and the things that are, are great. They have a lot of work, but not too much, and they are not too busy.

of the schoolhouse. I was about a league, a mile, and half way home, that I met second-hand the pain of a great making but little they know as I had—the best be concerned as upon as their interest had been in such a longish so I am in safety.

They work in advanced and it, and they praise, the person being most suitable best for doing so, they

...and, with a few more, ...

...besides, "This job is ..."

...and we want the ...

...and go back without the ...

...I tell you what, ...

...Blair, "for myself, as ...

...is killing or the slight ...

...is a relative upon ...

...beats them should ...

...own advice, they'll ...

...saying; but it is long ...

...and murder."

...That's true!" ...

the sides of the
come to me some-
thing, an' some-
gals. Well, no
company o' don't

interpose. Harry
said, I atterd
blast, where it
True by co-
tion, as the Gu-
t' downed, for
hands clent o'

several in scent.

A Story of the South Sea

[illegible]

"I tell you what," interrupter Harry Hines, "for myself, as I've said, I object to killing or the sight of blood, where it isn't absolutely necessary. True, but we haven't them around and that, as Mr. Gorman advises, they'll get drunk, for certain; but it'll keep our hands clean of red matter."

"That's true!" cry several in assent.

"Scurvy of Youth," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental to health. Sold at all drug stores.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 5 cents.

A clear skin and a bright complexion have charms for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and reward is well paid for the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation known as "Glow, W. Glend - Bloom of Youth," will most effectively produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental to the skin or health. It is all drugless.

Depot, 4 Gold Street, New York. Price 50 cents.

"Nothing but a milk boy!" he repeated to himself. "And are my hands so very red and my clothes so very coarse that I am beneath her notice? I used to think her the prettiest creature I ever saw, but I will never think so again. She is proud and haughty and disagreeable, and I am foolish to waste a thought upon her idle words!"

able, and I am foolish to waste a thought upon her idle words?"

[illegible][illegible]



Saturday Evening, Feb. 12, 1870

NOTION

THE NOTION OF AGENTS, EDITORS, AND OTHERS HAVING BUSINESS WITH THIS PAPER, AND TO BE MADE IN ALL OUR OFFICES, IS NOT ESTABLISHED AGENTS OR EDITORS OF THE FOLLOWING OFFICES:

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CORRESPONDENCE

MISS GILES, ANDERSON (C) — Authors have nothing to do with selecting or designing the illustrations for their series. Mr. R. Q. — In introducing a gentleman to a lady, mention the lady's name first, that is "Miss Rose, Mr. Thorne."